

CREEPY

No. 2

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35¢

2nd GREAT ISSUE

A WARREN MAGAZINE



**THE
GREATEST
COMIC ARTISTS
IN THE WORLD...**

BRING YOU

**Tales of Suspense, Horror,
Mystery, the Unknown, the Weird!**

HELLO AGAIN, LITTLE FRIENDS.
WELCOME BACK TO MY DINGY
DUNGEON, AND TO THIS— THE
SECOND ISSUE OF CREEPY, JUDGING
FROM THE MOLDY SACKS OF FAN MAIL
THROWN INTO THE PIT, IT LOOKS LIKE
SOME OF YOU ENJOYED OUR HISTORIC
FIRST ISSUE. WE'VE PRINTED SOME
OF YOUR COMMENTS IN OUR NEW
LETTERS PAGE THIS ISSUE. NOW,
SIT BACK---RELAX--- LOCK
ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS
---AND PREPARE FOR
ANOTHER ADVENTURE
INTO THE DEPTHS OF
CREEPY!



CREEPY

PUBLISHED James Watson

EDITOR: Maria Jorjani

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LETTERING: Ben Oda

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GUEST ARTIST: Bob Lubbers

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[illegible]

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SPAWN OF THE CAT PEOPLE

PACK YOUR BAGS! WE TRAVEL TO NEW MEXICO TO MEET A NEW WILDLIFE



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WARDROBE OF MONSTERS

A DEAD FLAGGANT CLIMBS A WEREWOLF, A VAMPIRE AND A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER START A MODERN DAY FIGHT OF VIOLENCE



Figure 1

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE

SCHOOL IS IN SESSION—AND PROFESSOR CREEPY EXPLAINS TO US THE LEGEND OF WEREWOLVES.



Feb 7

WELCOME STRANGER

NO-HOOD MOVIE MAKERS FIND A TOWN THAT IS FAR STRANGER THAN THEIR MOVIES.



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L. ROBT

CELESTY IS PROUD TO PRESENT THE ADVENTURES
OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS ROBOT—ADAM
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[illegible]

DERE'S CASTLE

BACK TO THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR: A KNIGHT IN SEARCH OF HIS BROTHER FINDS A CASTLE, AN OGRE, AND MAYHEM!



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CREEPY



MAIL

You fellows have come up with the best artwork ever put between two covers. I enjoyed your first issue very much and wish you the best of luck in what is sure to be a great new magazine.

John Prentice
New York, N. Y.

Thanks, Rip — er, we mean John (John Farnham is the artist on the popular Rip Ribs syndicated comic strip)—Ed

Just finished the first copy of your new CREEPY—and love it! I'm 14, and was introduced to your great mag gift by Jack. I found it in the waste basket of the school cafeteria.

David Castella
Washington, Missouri

Wow, do you have a sea magazine in CREEPY? All of your stories are great but the one I liked best was "Pursuit of the Vampire" Keep up the great work and try to have more stories with neat endings. Yeah, CREEPY is one neat read!

Thomas M. Coughlin
Chicago, IL

CREEPY is a winner! The most interesting new idea to come along in years. Congratulations!

Lawrence B. Smith
New York, N. Y.

Comic strip fans will recognize Mr. Starr as the creator of **ONSTAGE**—Ed.

I have a few comments and suggestions for your excellent magazine. First, feature more stories like "Parasite of the Vampire" and "Wooden." Last tales like "H2O World." This was too watered down (pun intended), and not exciting enough—although the artwork was great. Second, keep a space stories out. We readers want to see vampires and werewolves, not space.

Walter Houston
Westwood, Illinois

CREEPY has great possibilities if handled right. You have a good art staff—some real talented pros. Perhaps you can attain the high quality brought to comics by the great EC staff years ago. Let's have a few horror stories in the scientific and psychological vein (there's plenty of horror in the real world).

George Coultney
Boston, Mass.

You've got a great megazone, but where the hell is Willy Wood? And how about having Jack Davis do a story?

Noel Barrett
New York, N. Y.

Jack and Wally are two of the finest artists around today, and we hope to have them with us in future issues — Ed.

The guys at school were discussing CREEPY and a few of them said it was as good as MAD. So I went and purchased a copy. It wasn't even funny. Matter of fact it stunk. No one laugh in the whole issue. Who are you guys trying to fool?

Glen Robert Golden
Lynchburg, Virginia

Jim Warren started an entire new concept in magazine when he launched *Warrior* Mountain seven years ago, and now here where he's up to his neck in a new one with the publication of *CRIMINAL MINDS*. *CRIMINAL* will be an instant success because it appeals to a wide range of readers (not just the young set) in a college graduate market and has a year of fun—but still scary—a good suspense story and great sex scenes. And I hope *CRIMINAL* around when my boy is old enough to read it also.

Kevin Kennedy
Los Angeles, Calif.

What more can I say to you #1 issue of CREEPY the AH-H-H-H-H-H-H! It's the most exciting book since the December issue of Playboy. Nothing can beat it! It's about ten someone published a new good magazine for us ghouls—and that is it!

Claudio Casagrande
Dottorato in Filosofia, Università di Roma

It is with extreme enthusiasm that I picked up a copy of your new publication CREEP after having read of its coming in The Comic Reader (a newsletter featuring news devoted to the comics). You have certainly started off well, with some of the old EC stories, all of whom were the finest in the comic field.

Unfortunately, the stories were not nearly as good as the art, but you should impress with art. I believe you have

great potential, and you have my best wishes for continued success.

Learn With Industry
Pharmaceuticals, Chemicals, Biotech

PLEASE! Do not put color in CREEPY. The present black and white effect (with the shading) gives horror the right touch. Color will take away a certain amount of attraction since color itself lowers the story up. Keep it the way it is. You find a better effect.

Robert J. Churchill
Reverend, New York

GOOD SHOW! Some tend to look down upon the artistic merits of comics, but with your new magazine you have approached an all time high! The entire issue was an exhibit of TOTAL TALENT!

Having been one who appreciates comic art from the early days of Alas Raymond and who still does your work were indeed a pleasure to me.

One thing I truly would like to see is a FULL COLOR COVER by FRANK FRACETTA. His work on the ACE books established him in my mind as the all time cover master.
Ed Lehmann
Schlumberger Ind.

Request granted! Frank Frazetta's cover illustrates the Cat People, found on page 18 of this issue.—Ed

Two artists you shouldn't lose at any cost are Frank Prazzetta and Reed Crandall. Try to avoid stones with a moral, like "H2O WORLD." On the whole, I have great expectations for your magazine. One last comment, try to publish bi-monthly rather than quarterly. And tell Uncle Orsony to keep his mouth shut. shomac@att.net

Richard Collins
Medford, Mass.

We're bi-monthly as of this issue, and Uncle Crispy's teeth are sharper than ever.—Ed

I came across the first issue of CREEPY quite by accident. It was buried underneath a pile of other magazines, and at first I dismissed the huge size as another one of those collections of Charles Addams-type cartoons. But I flipped back to the magazine immediately when I realized that Jolly Jack Coyle had drawn the

So I opened the magazine and what did I find, but most of my favorite illustrations listed as contributing artists. I purchased the magazine and went home immediately to read it.

When I did, my heart was really gladdened. As most of us know, exactly ten years ago, horror comics were the object of a great deal of treatment.

entire Comics is going to be being planned for every second 4, and under a great deal of pressure, publishers were forced to drop 90% of their crime, fantasy, and horror titles. Those that remained were so watered down in content, and censored so heavily by the newly formed Comics Code Authority, that they became little in content. Many publishers went out of business, and others found themselves at rather steep

grounds. Basically, readers were left to choose from the product of four or five major comic producers, and over the years we have seen the emergence of possibly the tightest superhero epidemic ever to hit the comics. Don't get me wrong, I'm not Anti-Super Hero. But the situation has gotten pretty bad. There must be at least a hundred of them now, and most of them seem to inhabit New York for some strange reason. I'm sick of all the Super-Women, Super-Girls etc. etc.

And so I am most happy with the emergence of GREEP. It fills a void that has existed for much too long. However, GREEP is not the first attempt at a large size, expensive comic magazine. There have been a few others, none of which lasted more than one issue, and believe me, none of them as well respected as *now*.

There were a couple of days, a criticism or two, and some emergency to make. First of all, I have mixed emotions about your title. At least I have the desire for the title logo on the first issue's cover. It just doesn't LOOK "crappy." As I said earlier in this letter, on first glance, the magazine looked like a collection of cartoons, not only the cover, but the inside, and the layout, very, very colorful and predominant on the cover. Your covers should be more, and the backgrounds on the cover, and in the interior artwork should, in general, be dark and foreboding. Also, as much as I love Jack Davis, I wish he would do covers in the great horror tradition he established during the Silver Age. Instead of a "sit down and read" approach, to instead on their way to see a first issue.

As for the interior artwork, and story content, I approve in general, although I would prefer to see pure horror, suspense, and crime stories featured, rather than science-fiction. I like surprise endings, and please, let's not have any hesitation in presenting shocking, unknown endings.

I am happy in general with your new magazine, describe my concerns, and I would like to see it develop into the best of it's kind. You've got a good start . good artists, good writers, and a good end product. Now if you can only sell it to everyone.

William M. Sawyer
Riverside, N. Y.

HEY! HERE ALWAYS THE SAME... LOCATED IN THE SEEDIER AREAS OF TOWN...
BRIGHT LIGHTS... GAUDY GAMES... LIKE PERMANENT MINATURE CARNIVALS...
YOU'VE SEEN ONE PENNY ARCADE, YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL... OR HAVE
YOU? SO LET'S LOOK IN ON SOME...

FUN & GAMES!

PENNY
ARCADE
FUN ~ SKILL ~ THRILL

I MEAN IT, PHYLLIS!
I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE!
I'VE TAKEN ALL I'M
GOING TO TAKE FROM
YOU!

HARRY, I DO NOT
HAVE TO LISTEN TO
THIS! IT'S BAD ENOUGH
AT HOME, BUT ON THE
STREET I WON'T TAKE
IT! YOU SHUT UP OR I
WALK RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S RIGHT! I KNOW THIS ONE!
PHYLLIS, YOU WALK OUT MORE THAN
THE RUSSIAN DELEGATES! IF YOU
WERE ANY KIND OF WIFE...

THAT'S ENOUGH, HARRY GORMAN!
I'M GOING STRAIGHT HOME! I
HOPE YOU HAVE YOUR KEY,
CAUSE I WON'T BE OPENING
ANY DOORS FOR YOU!

PHYLLIS! GET BACK HERE! OR...
ALL RIGHT! THAT TEARS IT! ONE
OF THESE DAYS...

FUN AND GAMES!
TRY YOUR LUCK!
TEST YOUR SKILL!
LOTS O' FUN! HOW
'BOUT IT, AISTER?





WHAT IS THIS?
ALL THIS JUNK!
JUST BROKEN-
DOWN MACHINES!

RIGHT THIS
WAY, JUST
BEYOND ALL THIS
SOMETHING
SPECIAL IS WORTH
THE GETTING
TO!



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, SOMETHING
SPECIAL? WHAT'S THIS
GONNA COST ME?

DON'T WORRY, IT'S WORTH
IT! TRY IT FIRST, YOU'LL
PAY LATER!



HERE WE
ARE!

IT'S JUST AN OLD SHOOTING
GALLERY! BUT IT'S SO DARK! I
CAN'T EVEN SEE THE TARGETS
AT THE OTHER END!



HERE YOU GO!
JUST INSERT
ONE OF THESE
CLIPS!

HEY! I NEVER SAW A RIFLE
LIKE THIS IN A SHOOTING GALLERY!
LOOKS LIKE THE ONE I HAD IN
THE ARMY. I WASN'T BAD
WITH IT---



JUST A LITTLE LIGHT
ON THE TARGET
AREA---

GOOD LORD!
THE TARGET---







OH MY LORD!
PHYLLIS!



WHY, MISTER! IT'S JUST LIKE I SAID-- YOU'LL PAY LATER! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STILL NOT SATISFIED?

MY WIFE IS DEAD!
I DON'T WANT THAT!
SOMEHOW YOU MADE
ME KILL HER! I WANT
HER BACK! I WANT
PHYLLIS ALIVE!

OKAY, OKAY!
NEVER LET IT
BE SAID I
DON'T TRY TO
PLEASE A
CUSTOMER!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER
YOU STEP IN HERE.
I CLOSE THE DOOR,
AND YOUR WIFE'S
ALIVE! TEST YOUR
LUCK! TRY YOUR
SKILL...

I WANT
PHYLLIS ALIVE,
MAKE SURE YOU
STICK TO YOUR
BARGAIN...

HEY! IT'S PITCH
BLACK IN HERE! I
CAN'T SEE A THING!
WAIT! WAIT A MINUTE!
WHAT DO I PAY
FOR THIS?

THAT'S BETTER,
NOW... HEY!
I CAN'T MOVE!

PHYLLIS! PHYLLIS!
NO!

YAAAAA AAAAAA

TOW
TOW
CRACK

WASNT THAT FUN, FELLOW FIENDSTERS? SO REMEMBER, NEXT TIME YOU GO
INTO A PENNY ARCADE, DON'T GO INTO THE CELLAR, AND WHEN YOU GO FOR
CHANGE -- DUNNY UP -- OR YOU MIGHT PAY!

RET WAG WAG THE END

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HORROR OF DRACULA



CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN



HORROR OF DRACULA

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2

**NEW MONSTROUS FILM STORIES
—TOLD IN 500 EXCITING PHOTOS**





IF YOU BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES, ARE YOU BATZ? WELL, MY DOUBTING LITTLE FRIENDS, LET'S CHECK THE FACTS IN....

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

AS USUAL, THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.... **VRYKOLAKAS!** THE VAMPIRE TRADITION IS OLDEST IN GREECE, GOING BACK TO THE ANCIENT TIMES WHEN BLOOD SACRIFICE WAS A FAVORITE PASTIME!



ROMANS DEVELOPED THE QUANT CUSTOM OF DRINKING THE BLOOD OF SLAIN GLADIATORS IN THE BELIEF THAT IT CURED EPILEPSY AND GAVE GREATER COURAGE!

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY HUNGARY PRODUCED COUNTESS ERZSE BATHORY, WHO BELIEVED DRINKING AND BATHING IN THE BLOOD OF YOUNG GIRLS PRESERVED HER BEAUTY. LOCAL RESIDENTS FOUND 650 VICTIMS! EXCESSIVE AND ENDED THE COUNTESS' BEAUTY TREATMENTS... AND THE COUNTESS!



BRITISH VAMPIRE JOHN GEORGE HUGH FAVORED THE BLOOD OF ELDERLY WIDOWS, AND DISPOSED OF THE REMAINS IN AN ACID BATH. HE WAS APPREHENDED IN 1943 WHEN HIS NINTH VICTIM PROVED A SLOW DISSOLVER!



EVEN TODAY, VAMPIRISM AFFECTS US, AS IN OUR SPEECH WITH EXPRESSIONS LIKE "SOMETHING I CAN SINK MY TEETH INTO" AND "BLOODSUCKER," SO WHEN A FRIEND SAYS "I'LL BITE!" WATCH IT! HE ACTUALLY MIGHT!

ART BY BOB LUBBERS

SPAWN OF THE CAT PEOPLE

GOOD LORD! A BLACK PANTHER! IN NEW MEXICO?!!

YAHWH!

MORNING MISTS AND HALF-LIGHT MAKE IT TRICKY... GOT TO BE CAREFUL OR I MIGHT--

BLAST! IT'S GETTING AWAY! I'M SURE I WINGED IT!

POW!



BEWARE... CAT...
PEOPLE...UHHHH!

POOR DEVIL'S HAD IT!
WHAT WAS HE TRYING
TO TELL ME?

THAT'LL KEEP THE WILD
LIFE AWAY UNTIL I CAN
BRING HELP. I'VE HEARD
THERE'S A SMALL TOWN
TUCKED AWAY NEAR HERE.
BETTER MAKE IT
FOR THERE!

TOWN MUST BE NEAR, WHERE
ELSE COULD THE MAN HAVE
BEEN FROM? HE WAS NO
VACATIONING HUNTER LIKE
ME! STRANGE BUSINESS!



MAN-EATING BLACK PANTHER!
HOPE THAT TOWN'S LARGE
ENOUGH TO RAISE A POSSE--
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?!



WHO ARE YOU,
STRANGER?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?!

MY NAME'S TODD.
I'M A HUNTER FROM THE
CITY. ARE YOU MEN INSANE?
UNTIE THAT GIRL!





SOME SCRATCH! LOOKS
ALMOST LIKE A
BULLET WOUND!

HOW CAN YOU MAKE
YOUR WAY THROUGH HERE?
IT'S MORE AN ANIMAL
PATH THAN A TRAIL!

I'VE AN
INSTINCT
FOR THIS!

HURRY! THEY
CAN'T BE TOO
FAR BEHIND!

AMAZING! SHE LEAPS
FROM ROCK TO ROCK AS
GRACEFULLY AS...

...AS A CAT!

HOLD IT! LET'S
TAKE A BREAKER!
I NEED THE REST
AND THERE'RE A FEW
THINGS I'D LIKE
TO ASK...

BUT IT'S JUST
A LITTLE FURTHER
AND--

PUMA!

DON'T SHOOT!
YOU'LL GIVE AWAY
OUR POSITION!





S-SHE'S JUST STARING AT THE CAT!



W-HOW...?

NOT NOW! THE CAVE'S JUST AHEAD...



CAVE? IT COULD BE THE DEN OF THAT PUMA! HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS?

MY FATHER SHOWED ME WHEN HE TOOK ME HUNTING!



COME ON IN! IT'S DARK AND COZY! SAFETY AT LAST!

YOUR EYES! IN THE DARKNESS THEY GLOW! JUST LIKE A CAT'S!



CATS! THAT'S WHAT THE MAN MEANT THIS MORNING! BEWARE CAT-PEOPLE! PEOPLE WHO CAN TURN INTO PANTHERS! LIKE YOU DID...



...WHEN YOU KILLED THAT MAN I FOUND! THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!

POW!
POW!
POW!

WE FOUND YOU, STRANGER!
YOU AND THE GIRL MIGHT JUST
AS WELL COME ON OUT!



YOU CAN RELAX!
I'VE DONE THE
JOB FOR YOU!



I WAS SO **BLIND!** IGNORING YOUR
WARNINGS... HER ANIMAL INSTINCTS
IN THE WOODS... IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR HER EYES! THOSE
GREAT CAT EYES GLOWING
IN THE DARK...



SHE HAD HER MOTHER'S
EYES ALL RIGHT! TOO
BAD THAT WAS ALL!

JUST LIKE HER OUTSIDER-
DADDY! COULD HAVE
CAUSED A LOT OF
TROUBLE...



...IN A TOWN WHERE
EVERYONE ELSE CAN
CHANGE INTO A CAT!

DON'T LET HIM HEAR
THE RIFLE! HE ALMOST KILLED
ME WHEN I TOOK CARE OF
THE GIRL'S FATHER'S THIS
MORNING!

YAAAAH!



TUT TUT TUT... LOOKS LIKE
CHOW TIME! AND ALSO TIME
FOR ANOTHER ONE OF MY
YORLING YARNS!





POST! LISTEN TO *CREEPY CREEPS*! FOLLOW YOUR SHOULISH GUIDE DOWN INTO A MUSEUM STOREROOM, WHERE FIVE MEN EXAMINE THEIR ARCHEOLOGICAL TREASURE, RECENTLY RIFLED FROM AN EGYPTIAN PYRAMID! FROM THE ANCIENT TOMB OF PHARAOH ANK-UMMEM, WHOSE LIFE-AFTER-DEATH PREPARATIONS HAD INCLUDED THE ...

WARDROBE of MONSTERS!



GENTLEMEN! WE ARE READY TO UNSEAL THESE UNUSUAL **EXTRA** SARCOPHAGI WE BROUGHT BACK, FOUND ALONG WITH ANK-UMMEM'S MUMMY!

WILL THIS BRING... OH... A **CORPSE** UPON US? I'VE HEARD OF SUCH THINGS BEFORE...

POPPYCOCK! THE DEAD HAVE NO POWER OVER THE LIVING, TODD. OPEN IT, BAXTER!



GOOD LORD! A WINGED CORPSE LIKE A... A **VAMPIRE**!

AMAZING! WHAT WILL THE OTHER CASSETS HOLD? HELP ME OPEN THEM, MURCHISON.

AS THREE MORE LID'S CREAK OPEN, THE MACABRE MYSTERY MULTIPLIES...

A BEASTMAN, OR, PERHAPS WEREWOLF!...



...A SATANIC DEVILMAN!



...AND A MISAPPROPRIATELY NAMED FRANKENSTEIN! WH-WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, REICHMANN?



FRANK! ARTIFICIAL FORMS, FRANK! ... EVEN IF THEY FEEL LIKE COLD FLESH-AND-BLOOD! ANDROIDS ... BIO-ROBOTS ... SYNTHETIC CREATURES... WHATEVER YOU WILL! INVENTED BY THE PHARAOH AS HIS TRADITIONAL "DEATH COMPANIONS." THAT'S ALL!



THESE HEROSYGLPHICS! WHAT DO THEY SAY, BAXTER?

IT IS SLOW WORK DECIPHERING THE INSCRIPTIONS... NORM AND RAED... GIVE ME ANOTHER WEEK, GENTLEMEN!



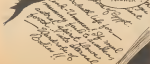
YOU'RE THE EXPERT, BAXTER. WELL WITH-HOLD ANNOUNCING THIS MAJOR DYNASTIC FIND UNTIL THEN!

PAVE FOR ALL OF US... AND FORTUNE! THE ARCHEOLOGICAL BONANZA OF THE CENTURY! I'LL WORK NIGHTS AND HURRY UP MY DECIPHERING, GENTLEMEN!



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, ARNOLD BAXTER LABORIOUSLY PIECES OUT THE HOARY MESSAGES, STARTING WITH THE PHARAOH'S....

"WARDROBE" OF BODIES? GOOD HEAVENS!... DOES IT MEAN HIS ASTRAL-SPIRIT IS SUPPOSED TO "PUT ON" THOSE BODIES, LIKE WEARING "CLOTHES"? TRANSLATING FROM ONE OF THE OTHER SARCOPHAGI SHOULD GIVE THE ANSWER



AN EERIE ANSWER INDEED!

TO INHABIT FIRST FORM, TOUCH MAGIC AMULET. PRONOUNCE CHARM "KOTZIL."

BULDERDASH, OF COURSE! A PHARAOH'S MAD DREAM OF ESCAPING FROM HIS DRIED DEAD MUMMY AND LIVING NEW LIVES... BY DOWNING HIS "WARDROBE" OF WAITING BODIES! I'LL TRY THE MUMBO-JUMBO MYSELF FOR LAUGHS.

KOTZIL!



STARTLED, BAXTER FEELS STRANGE FORCES WRENCHING HIM, TURNING HIM INSIDE-OUT, TEARING HIM ASUNDER... AND THEN...



MY BODY... LYING THERE! YET I SEEM TO BE DETACHED... DRIFTING INTO THE SARCOPHAGUS... TOWARD THAT MONSTEROUS FORM! IT CAN'T BE... IT CAN'T BE!



I-I'M WEARING THE VAMPIRE'S BODY! NO... NO! IS MY MIND... MY MENTALITY... TRAPPED WITHIN THIS LOATHSOME FORM? I WANT TO GET OUT... HELP!!



INSTANTLY, AT HIS WISH-COMMAND...

THANK HEAVEN! IT-IT SEEMS I CAN ENTER OR LEAVE THE VAMPIRE FORM AT WILL! IT IS LIKE PUTTING ON AND TAKING OFF A SUIT OF CLOTHES! HMM... NO ONE KNOWS OF THIS, NOT EVEN MY COLLEAGUES....



OTHER THOUGHTS ARISE AS ARNOLD BAXTER'S DETACHED PSYCHE AGAIN "DOES" THE EVIL FORM IN THE SARCOPHAGUS...

WHY SHARE THE WORLD-WIDE ACCLAIM AND AWARDS TO COME FOR ANK-UAMKEW'S DISCOVERY?



AND WHY SPLIT UP THE PHARAOH'S TREASURE FIVE WAYS WHEN I CAN...



...REDUCE THE NUMBER, ONE BY ONE! WHO CAN TRACE THE MURDER-TRAIL OF A VAMPIRE ... BACK TO ME? HAAAAAAAAA!



HENRY MURCHISON FIRST! HE'LL
PASS FROM TEMPORARY SLEEP
INTO...



... ETERNAL REPOSE!



SILENT, BATLIKE WINGS CARRY
THE MONSTROUS KILLER BACK
TO THE MUSEUM... AND...

NUMBER ONE OUT
OF THE WAY



AND NOBODY THE WISER THAT
I, ARNOLD BAXTER, DID IT!
PERFECT... PERFECT!



NEXT DAY... IT WILL GO INTO
THE UNSOLVED

CASES! ROUNDING UP
HOMICIDE SUSPECTS, THE
POLICE NEVER INCLUDE
VAMPIRES! HEH! BUT JUST
TO MAKE THE SERIES OF
CRIMES MORE BAFFLING,
I'LL USE ALL THE
MONSTER-FORMS!

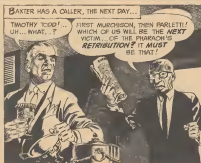


AND THAT NIGHT...

HOW TO USE THE SECOND
SPECIMEN IN THE WARDROBE
OF BODIES!

KOTZIL!!





BAXTER! IS THERE ANY MENTION OF A *CURSE* UPON THOSE WHO "DEFILE" ANK-UMMEW'S TOMB?

NOT A WORD, TODD! SUPERNATURAL ROT! WITH HIS WEAK HEART, MURKISON PROBABLY HAD A STROKE... AND PERHAPS A WILD DOG ATTACKED PARLETTI!



I...I DON'T KNOW! IT'S STILL MORE THAN SHEER COINCIDENCE. THAT TWO OF OUR COLLEAGUES SHOULD DIE SO SUDDENLY! ANOTHER DEATH... UH...IF NOT MY OWN... AND I GO TO THE POLICE!

YOU JUST APPOINTED YOURSELF **NUMBER THREE, TODD. TONIGHT!**



AS MIDNIGHT TOLLS... THEY SAY IT IS NOT MORAL AVERSION... BUT ONLY RISK OF BEING *CAUGHT*... THAT DETERS MEN FROM CRIME! THAT WITHOUT *FEAR OF PUNISHMENT*, ANY MAN WILL COMMIT MURDER TO *BENEFIT* HIMSELF--AND WHY NOT???



YES. *WHY NOT??* I, ARNOLD BAXTER, STAND TO GAIN GLORY AND GOLD... WITH NO FEAR OF RETRIBUTION FROM THE LAW! HAAAAAAAAA!



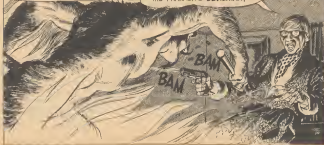
MUTTERING ALOUD FEARFULLY, TIMOTHY TODD HAS SHUNNED BEDTIME IN HIS DECORATED SUBURBAN HOME...

I'LL BE ON GUARD ALL NIGHT! DOORS, WINDOWS... EVERYTHING BOLTED SHUT! NOTHING... OR NO *THING* CAN COME UPON ME BY SURPRISE...



YOU FORGOT THE CHIMNEY, TODD!

EEAAAA! THAT THING IN THE FLAMES... THE PHARAOH'S DEVILMAN!



IF FLAMES FAILED TO STOP ME, DO YOU THINK BULLETS WOULD? YES, TODD, IT'S A "CURSE" ALL RIGHT...
THE BAXTER CURSE! HAAAAAAA!



AFTER BAXTER REINHABITS HIS OWN BODY AT THE MUSEUM....

HMM... THERE IS ONLY ONE OTHER POSSIBILITY OF INTERFERENCE IN MY PLANS... THE **PHARAOH'S ASTRAL SPIRIT** IF IT STILL LINGERS WITHIN HIS LONG-DEAD CORPSE... BUT I'LL FIX THAT!...



FLUORIC ACID, FOR CLEANING ANCIENT RELICS, POURS IN...



THAT FINISHES PHARAOH'S ANK-UMMEN, MUMMY, ASTRAL SPIRIT AND ALL! HIS **WARDROBE OF MONSTERS** IS MINE NOW...
ALL MINE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE THIRD GRUESOME HEADLINE...

BAXTER? ERIC REICHMANN HERE. ONE DEATH... EVEN TWO DEATHS I COULD TAKE... BUT **THREE OF US... SHOCKING! AND... OMINOUS!**



ONLY YOU AND I LEFT NOW, BAXTER! I'M COMING TO TALK THIS FRIGHTENING BUSINESS OVER WITH YOU, THIS EVENING...

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU, REICHMANN...

... IN **AMBUSH!** HAAAAAA!



OUT OF THE NIGHT SHADOWS, AS REICHMAN ARRIVES...

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, REICHMAN? "TAKE MY SHARE OF THE PHARAOH'S LOOT!"
HOW KIND OF YOU!



LATER, IN THE SICKROOM...

B-BUT WHERE IS MY BODY...IT'S GONE!



HARKEN, ARNOLD BAXTER! WHEN YOU DESTROYED MY MUMMY, YOU AWAKE MY SLUMBERING ASTRAL-SPIRIT!

THE DEAD PHARAOH'S VOICE...NO WAIT... OH, LORD, NOW I KNOW...



IT'S MY OWN VOICE FROM MY BODY!

YOUR BODY, BAXTER! IT NOW BELONGS TO ME --- PHARAOH ANK-LIWMEM! AND IN RETURN...



...YOU MAY HAVE MY WARDROBE OF MONSTER FORMS.... FOREVER!



WELL, KIDDIES, IF YOU EVER GET A LUMBERING SHAPE PASS BY YOUR WINDOW, CHANCES ARE IT'S ARNOLD BAXTER, LOOKING FOR HIS OWN BODY - NA, NA, NA!
WELL, ANYWAY STAY TUNED BECAUSE UNCLE CREEPY HAS ANOTHER TERROR TALE TO STUN YOU WITH!



END

...AND NOW A FEW WORDS ABOUT WEREWOLVES! DRESSED UP FROM
CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

AS YOU KNOW, SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE WEREWOLVES
 AND IF ANY OF YOU MONSTERS THINK THEY DON'T EXIST OUTSIDE
 THIS DUNGEON... WELL... READ ON!

MAN'S ASSUMING A
 WOLF-LIKE STATE
 GOES BACK TO THE
 DAWN OF TIME,
 WHEN PREHISTORIC
 MAN FOUND IT
 NECESSARY TO
 BAND INTO WOLF
 PACKS TO HUNT
 GAME... AND
 SOMETIMES EACH
 OTHER!



WEREWOLF LEGENDS SPREAD AMONG ANCIENT
 NORSEMEN BECAUSE OF **BERSERKERS'** FIERCE
 WARRIORS WHO CHARGED INTO BATTLE LIKE MADMEN,
 FURIOUSLY GARBED IN WOLF PELTS!



THE WILD COASTS OF MEDIEVAL SCOTLAND WERE
 TERRORIZED BY THE BEARE CLAN, A FAMILY LIVING
 LIKE WOLVES IN A CAVE, WHO PRACTICED GANN-
 BAUSM, AND ROBBED AND KILLED NEARLY A
 THOUSAND VICTIMS.



FAR LATER, IN
 FRANCE, A
 YOUNG HERDS-
 MAN, JEAN
 GRENIER, CLAIMED
 THE FULL MOON
 TRANSFORMED
 HIM INTO A
 MAN-EATING
 WOLF... WITH
 OVER FIFTY
 PEOPLE DEAD
 BY HIS HANDS,
 AUTHORITIES
 WERE FORCED
 TO AGREE.



NOW, WITH
 MENTAL
 INSTITUTIONS
 AND PSYCHO-
 ANALYSIS,
 CASES ARE
 MORE RARE,
 YET, A FULL
 MOON NEVITA-
 BLY SIGNALS
 A RISE IN
 CRIME AND
 MAYHEM!
 COINCIDENCE?
 PERHAPS...
 BUT WHEN
 THE FULL
 MOON BEAMS,
 PICK YOUR
 COMPANY
 WITH CARE!



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THROUGH THE NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE A CAR TRAVELS SLOWLY... INSIDE, ITS OCCUPANTS ARE BORED, SECURE AND UNAWARE HOW MUCH TERROR THE NEXT FEW SECONDS WILL BRING...

GREAT! THE STUDIO SENDS US HUNTING FOR A MOVIE LOCATION AND ALL WE FIND IS FOG!

IT'S SLOW BORG, BANGY, BUT IT COULD BE MUCH WORSE!

WELCOME STRANGER

BLOWOUT!

WATCH IT, MARK, WE'RE SWERVING OFF THE ROAD!



WHEN I CLOSE
CALL! YOU OKAY,
RANDY?



THIS ROAD'S LITTERED
WITH BROKEN GLASS
AND NAILS. YOU'D
NEED A TANK TO
COME THROUGH
WITHOUT A FLAT.
HOW'S THAT TIRE?



YOU MEAN TIRES?
WE BLEW OUT THE
BACK ONE ALSO.



OH GREAT! TWO
FLATS AND ONE
SPARE. WE'RE
STUCK!



LISTEN!
THAT SOUNDED
LIKE A GIRL
SCREAMING!



IT CAME FROM
THIS DIRECTION.
LOOK!



WELCOME
TO
JONESVILLE



I THINK YOU'RE
HEARING THINGS,
BUT IF THIS
TOWN HAS A
PLACE TO FIX
THOSE FLATS, I
FORGIVE YOU!



THIS IS AMAZING! A
CROSSROADS HAMLET,
RIGHT OUT OF THE
MOVIE SCRIPT!

THIS FOG'S CREEPY
ENOUGH WITHOUT
DRAWING PARALLELS
LIKE THAT! REMEMBER
THAT SCRIPT IS A
HORROR STORY

HELLO!
ANYBODY
HOME?

SEEMS DESERTED
A LITTLE TOO FAR
OFF THE BEATEN
PATH... EVEN FOR
ONE OF OUR
HORROR MOVIES.

LOCKED UP TIGHT
AND NOT A SOUL
TO BE STIRRED.
GIVES ME THE
WILLYS!

I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN.
IT'S - LISTEN!
BELLS!

ON THE HILL... A
CHURCH. EVERYONE
MUST BE THERE
FOR SOME KIND OF
SERVICE.

BONG!

BONG! BONG!

IN THE
MIDDLE
OF THE
WEEK?



RANDY! THE
WINDOWS AND
DOORS...

BOARDED UP!
LIKE THEY DON'T
EVEN USE IT
ANY MORE

EEEEEEEEE!!!

THAT SCREAM
AGAIN. FROM
OUT BACK!

THERE'S SOMETHING
GOING ON IN THAT
CEMETERY



A GATHERING
OF PEOPLE.
IT MUST BE A
FUNERAL.

THE FOG IS
LIFTING. MAYBE
WE CAN SEE...



GOOD LORD!
THEY'RE TRYING
THAT GIRL BESIDE
THE OPEN GRAVE
LIKE SOME KIND
OF...

SACRIFICE!



INTRUDERS!
OBSERVING THE
SACRIFICIAL RITES.

THIS IS THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY! WHAT KIND
OF SUPERSTITIOUS
MUNDO-JUNBO DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
PULLING HERE?



UNTIE THAT
GIRL AND LEAVE
HER ALONE!

THE BLASPHEMERS
WOULD HALT THE
SACRIFICIAL
CEREMONY
TAKE THEM!



YOU WANTED TO
FREE THE GIRL?
VERY WELL, WE WILL
RELEASE HER...
AND YOU CAN TAKE
HER PLACE.



**YENE! FACERE!
OMNES MALUS!**

THAT CHANT?
WHAT'S HE
TRYING TO DO?

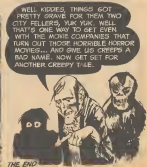
IT'S ALMOST AS
THOUGH HE'S
CALLING
SOMETHING OUT
OF THAT GRAVE!



**LISTEN! IN THE
GRAVE I CAN HEAR
NOISES SOMETHING'S
IN THERE!**

**IT'S
COMING
OUT!**





THE END

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HEH HEH HEH HELLO KIDNERS EVER BEEN MIS-UNDERSTOOD? TRY TO BE GOOD AND ALL YOU GET IS A KICK! WELL THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO MY METAL FRIEND ADAM LINK. TRY AS HE DID TO DO WELL, ALL THOSE KIND UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE ONLY WANTED TO DESTROY HIM! IF YOU'VE EVER FELT THIS WAY YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY! WELL HERE'S HIS SAD STORY IN HIS OWN WORDS WHICH HE APPROPRIATELY CALLS...

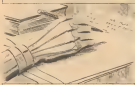
i ROBOT

by OTTO BINDER

Adaptation from the original story
by the author



MY CREATION, BY ADAM LINK--MUCH OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED PUZZLES ME BUT I THINK I AM BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND NOW. YOU CALL ME "MONSTER" BUT YOU ARE WRONG... LITTERLY WRONG... AS I WILL PROVE IN WRITING. I HOPE I HAVE TIME TO FINISH...



"I WAS CREATED THROUGH THE FIRST 20 YEARS BY DR. CHARLES LINK. SO MANY OF YOU SEEM TO HAVE COURTS, BUT I AM A TRUE ROBOT MADE OF WHEELS AND WHEELS, NOT FLESH AND BLOOD. 454 MONTHS AGO DR. LINK'S PATIENT LABORS WERE NEARLY DONE..."



MY FIRST CONSCIOUS RECOLLECTION WAS SEEING AND HEARING MY CREATOR DR. LINK, AND HIS LITTLE BOSS, TERRY. BUT THE SOUNDS AND SIGHTS WERE CONFUSED. I LAY STILL FOR THREE DAYS BEFORE I FELT THE URGE TO MOVE AND ARISE...

QUIET, TERRY! HE IS CHAINED IN HIS PRESENT BLANK MENTAL STATE. HE MIGHT BLUNDER OFF IT LESSON. HE IS LIKE A BABY--A HUMAN BABY SLOWLY BECOMING AWARE OF THE WORLD AROUND HIM!



HE HEARS YOU BARK, TERRY--TURNS HIS EYES TO SEE YOU! BUT IS HIS ELECTRONIC BRAIN REALLY "ALIVE" WILL IT "MOROSE--ASSOCIATE--THINK?"



"FOR THREE DAYS, LIKE A WORRIED FATHER, DR. LINK WONDERED IF I HAD BEEN BORN A HOT-TEMPERED, PROTO-OR PHENIX, A DANGEROUS MONSTER! NOW, SUDDENLY, AS IF ANSWERED BY THE DOG'S BARKING...."

LOOK OUT! THE ROBOT COULD CRUSH YOU EASILY IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS! IS HE NOTHING BUT A MONSTER?



WAF ARE YIP!

"BUT MY NEXT ACT IN SAINT REFLEX CHANGED DR. LINK'S MIND, AS TERRY'S YELP OF PAIN MADE ME RELEASE HIM INSTANTANEOUSLY...."



YIP!

YESTERDAY THE ROBOT SAW THAT WHEN I STEPPED ON YOUR TAIL, YOU YELPED IN PAIN! HE NOW ASSOCIATED PAIN WITH THE GRIP OF HIS HAND--AND LET YOU GO!

MEMORY ASSOCIATION--THE AUREA SIGN OF A LIVING BRAIN!



"NO LONGER AFRAID, DR. LINK GAINED ME! I LEARNED TO WALK IN THREE DAYS! FIRST, WATCHING TERRY, I CRAWLED ON MY HANDS AND KNEES...."



"...THEN LIKE A CHILD DISCOVERING THE THRILL OF ADDED HEIGHT ON STILTS, I STRUGGLED UPRIGHT...."



"...AND SOON DR. LINK WAS PARADING ME UP AND DOWN OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN, UNTIL MY STREDS BECAME STEADY."



"I ALSO LEARNED TO TALK IN THREE DAYS. THE WORDS OF OBJECTS, AND VERBS DESCRIBING ACTION, WERE RAPIDLY ADDED TO MY MEMORY-BANKS, AS FAST AS DR. LINK COULD SPEAK THEM...."



NOW REPEAT!

BOOK--
PILL--
PUPP--
TELEPHONE--
TERRY--
DOG--
HE RUNS--
HE BARKS--
HE JUMPS!

"UNDER MY CREATOR'S TUTORING I LEARNED READING AT PHENOMENAL SPEED. IN A WEEK I GRADUATED TO ADULT BOOKS, THEN SCIENTIFIC ABSTRACTS. A WHOLE FLOOD OF INFORMATION FROM HIS WELL-STOCKED LIBRARY POURED INTO MY RETENTIVE BRAIN...."



"YOUR BRAIN WILL BE SATURATED WITH KNOWLEDGE SOON--PUFF--IF I CONTINUE CARRYING THEM!"

"RESTED AND LIVING BY HASSLE, DR. LINK ONLY HAD A CLEAN-UP WOMAN COMING IN ONCE A WEEK. WHEN THE FIRST SATURDAY OF MY ACTIVE LIFE ROLLED AROUND AND SHE ARRIVED FOR HER DATES..."

EEEEEEAHAAAA

DR. LINK! HELP... THAT THING--
HELP!



"HAVING NEVER SEEN ME ASSEMBLED BEFORE, THE FRIGHTENED LADY HAD NO IDEA I WAS AN 'INVENTION' OF DR. LINK..."

IT'S ONLY MY ROBOT,
WHO WAS TESTING THE
FULL JUMPING POWERS
OF HIS MECHANICAL
MUSCLES... HUMAN, SHE
PAINTED!

PERHAPS, DR. LINK
IT WOULD BE WISE
FOR ME TO STAY
LOCKED IN THE
STORAGE ROOM AND READ
ON THE DAYS SHE
COMES!

OHNNNNN...



"RECALLING NOW IN TWENTY YEARS HE HAD PERFECTED AN
IRIDIUM-SPONGE BRAIN, SENSITIVE TO THE IMPACT OF A
ELECTRON..."

IT IS THE SENSITIVITY OF
HUMAN THOUGHT ITSELF,
WHICH IS akin TO YOUR
MICRO-CIRCUITS OF ELECTRICAL
FLOW.

YOU MEAN I THINK
LIKE HUMANS DO?



*a trivial incident... a
far more important
milestone was reached
three months after my
awakening to consciousness.
Dr. Link one day spoke
to me... not as teacher
to pupil... creator to
machine... but man
to man!*



"WHAT DR. LINK REPLIED TELLY STARTLED ME!"

YES! THEREFORE, YOU ARE NOT MERELY
THINKING ROBOT, OR A METAL MAN. YOU ARE
A NEW KIND OF LIFE! ABLE TO INDEPENDENTLY
THINK, REASON AND PERFORM, YOUR KIND CAN
BE OF INESTIMABLE AID TO MANKIND! BUT
YOUR TRAINING MUST CONTINUE!



"DR. LINK NOW REVEALED THE FULL DETAILS
ABOUT MY INWARD MECHANISMS, AND
TAUGHT ME TO BECOME SELF-SUFFICIENT..."

THAT BATTERY MUST BE REPLACED EVERY
48 HOURS. ELECTRICITY IS YOUR FOOD...
YOUR VERY LIFE - WITHOUT IT, YOU ARE
SO MUCH METAL JUNK!



DR. LINK EXPLAINED
NOW ALL MY OTHER
PARTS AND DEVICES
HAD BEEN INGEN-
UOUSLY DESIGNED
AND I SOON KNEW
MORE OF WHAT
MINDS ARE "BUILT"
THAN ANY HUMAN
KNOWS OF ITS
ORGANIC COMPLEXITY



"BUT THE HUMAN BODY
IS A MARVELOUS ORGANIC
MACHINE THAT NO ROBOT
CAN MATCH THROUGH
EVOLUTION. NATURE HAD
SO LONG AGES TO PERFECT
HER ROBOTS - DR. LINK
ONLY HAD 20 YEARS
WITH ME"



"LADDERING-- YES, I TOO HAVE A
"SENSE OF HUMOR"--DR. LINK'S
OCCASIONAL BARDENIER (EMPHATIC)
COULD NOT ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT
I WAS. AT FIRST SIGHT, THOUGH
HE DID NOT SHARE THE HOUSEKEEPER'S
PANIC ---"

HOW DO YOU DO,
JENKINS? DR.
LINK ASKED ME TO
INTRODUCE MYSELF
I AM AN INTELLIGENT
ROBOT

"YES--TRICKER--
THERE'S A TUBE
INSIDE OF SOME-
THING, DR. LINK!
TUT--TUT--THING
CAN'T BE
INTELLIGENT!"



"I'M AFRAID JENKINS
SOONER REALIZES MY
ROBOT IS MORE
INTELLIGENT THAN
HE IS! IN FACT,
YOU HAVE THE
INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY
OF A VERY BRILLIANT
MAN"

"IF SO,
I WILL
CONTINUE TO
PROGRAMMED
MY BRAIN ALL
THE HUMAN
KNOWLEDGE
I CAN!"



"THE WEEKS CLIPPED BY AS
I WENT THROUGH DR. LINK'S
SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY---
SCANNING A PAGE AT A
TIME WITH MY TV-EYES.
BUTLY TRUSTING ME, DR.
LINK DID NOT TURN MY
OFF-SWITCH WHEN HE
SLEPT, REQUIRING NO
SLEEP I STUDIED
THROUGH EACH NIGHT---"



"AND ONE DAY CAME THE MOST TREASONABLE MOMENT
OF MY SHORT SIX MONTHS OF LIFE. AS DR.
LINK STARED AT ME PROUDLY---"

YES, MASTER?

"DON'T CALL ME MASTER;
YOU WILL SOON BE READY TO
TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD
--- BECOME A CITIZEN ---
LIVE AMONG MEN AS AN EQUAL
BUT NOW--WHA--WHA--
NAME SHALL WE GIVE YOU?"



"IN ONE SENSE YOU ARE MY SON--- IN
ANOTHER YOU ARE THE FIRST OF YOUR RACE
WHAT BETTER THAN TO COMBINE THE TWO
AND ANNOUNCE YOU TO THE WORLD AS ---
ADAM LINK"



what Dr Link's actual plans for me were, I will never know. The next day my kindly creator was dead!! I was reading in the library when I heard a thud... and groan... and after I rushed into the laboratory



"...I FOUND DR LINK WITH HIS SKULL CRUSHED BY A LOOSE ANGLE-IRON THAT HELD UP HIS HIGH-VOLTAGE TRANSFORMER..."



"BY CHANCE, IT WAS SATURDAY AND AS THE CLEANING WOMAN CAME AND TOOK ONE LOOK IN THE WINDOW, SEEING ME RAMPING DR LINK'S HEAD TO EXAMINE THE WOUND SHE FLED SCREAMING..."



"I HARDLY HEARD OR REALIZED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HER CRIES. I WAS STARTING DOWN AT MY DEAD CREATOR... AND FRIEND! LITTLE TERRY WHIMPERED BESIDE THE BODY. HE FELT THE LOSS OF HIS MASTER SO DID I."

"I AM NOT SURE HOW HUMANS WOULD RECOVER THIS TERRIBLE BUT TO ME, THE SUNLIGHT SUDDENLY WAS FADED!"



WELL, MY LIFE WITH DR. LINK IS A CLOSED BOOK. HE PLANNED FOR ME TO TAKE MY PLACE OUT IN THE WORLD AS A...CITIZEN. I WILL TAKE A FRESH BATTERY AND CARRY OUT HIS WISHES... NOW!



"I'VE HEARD A DOG IS MY BEST FRIEND~ EVEN A METAL MAN'S ~ TERRY FOLLOWED ME INTO THE WOODS SURROUNDING DR LINK'S PLACE..."



"I WAS RELIEVED WHEN I CAME UPON A LITTLE GIRL, WAITING IN A NEARBY BRUSH. MY MICROPHONIC VOICE STARTLED HER, AND WHEN SHE TURNED TO SEE AN ALIEN FORM..."



"SHE LOST HER BALANCE, IN DANGER OF DROWNING. KNEELING AT THE EDGE I GRASPED HER WRIST TO PULL HER OUT... FORGETTING MY STRENGTH..."



"HER WHISPERS GUAFTED! I'M SORRY TO CAUSE HER TROUB, BUT I'LL SAVE HER LIFE ANYWAY."

"BUT ALL OF THIS WAS MISINTERPRETED WHEN YOU OTHERS, OF HER FINE PARTY ANSWERED HER CRIES!"



"DELINK'S ROBOT!-- ESCAPED! -- WENT BEHIND -- TRIED TO DROWN LITTLE FRANCES -- THE FIEND! -- DRIVE HIM AWAY!"

"YOU PROVE ME AWAY IN BLIND HATE, AND THE NEXT MORNING, YOUR FOESSE WAS HUNTING ME DOWN LIKE A WILD BEAST..."



"THERE'S THE IRON MONSTER -- DELINK'S KILLER! -- GET HIM! -- DESTROY HIM!"

"I MUST RUN OUT OF RANGE TERRY! A WELL-PLACED BULLET CAN SLIP THROUGH A JOINT AND STRIKE A VITAL SPOT WITHIN ME!"

"BUT THE BULLET THAT HURT ME THE MOST WAS THE ONE THAT GOT --- TERRY!"



"TERRY! MY FAITHFUL DOG -- MY ONLY FRIEND!"

"I PICKED UP HIS CORPSE AND OUTDISTANCED THE MOB WITH MY MACHINE POWERS. I BURIED POOR TERRY SILENTLY. A ROBOT CANNOT SHED TEARS."



"YOUR JOYFUL BARKS, CHASING ME IN THE GARDEN -- LICKING MY HAND -- I'LL NEVER FORGET. GOODBYE, TERRY -- FOREVER!"

"ANOTHER NIGHT OF HIDING AROUND, LONELY -- ANOTHER DAWN -- AND WHEN I SAW THE PARKED CAR, I ACTED MUCH AS A STARVING MAN FINDING FOOD..."



"SLUGGISH -- CURRENT LOW -- THE BATTERY WILL REPLENISH MY POWERS JUST IN TIME. IT MUST BE ONE OF THE TOWERS CASES -- THE HUMANS WHO SEEK MY DESTRUCTION!"

"ALL DAY, IT WAS ANOTHER GRIM GAME OF THE HUNTERS-- AND THE HUNTED. I DODGED-- CIRCLED-- BACKTRACKED-- MOVING ALL YOUR ANXIOUS-- BUT I WAS STILL COMPLETELY LOST...."

"THIS WAY, MEN! WE CAN'T BE FAR!"

"HOW CLOSE I AM THEY DON'T SUSPECT! BUT HOW WILL THIS END? WHERE CAN I GO, WITHOUT MEETING MORE HUMANS-- MORE UNDESIRABLE RAGE AND FEAR?"

"AT DUSK, MY ELECTRO-PULSE LEAPED AT A FAMILIAR SIGHT-- DR. LINK'S HOME! BY LUCK, I HAD CIRCLED BACK TO IT...."

"NO GUARDS AROUND EVIDENTLY THEY TOOK DR. LINK'S BODY AWAY FOR BURIAL. THE CEREMONY I READ ABOUT IN BOOKS."

"DR. LINK'S EFFECTS HAD BEEN SORTED-- AND I FOUND THE BOOK HE HAD KEPT IN HIS PRIVATE DESK, KEPT HIDDEN FROM ME -- WHY?"

"NOW I UNDERSTAND! LIKE ME, THIS POOR CREATURE WAS HOUNDED, THOUGH INNOCENT! ANY MIST HUMANS INSTANTLY BELIEVE THAT A CREATED CREATURE MUST TURN AGAINST ITS CREATORS?"

"I COULD NOT CONTROL THE SUDDEN ANGER THING OVER ME, AS I SAW THE POSSIE APPROACHING, HAVING PICKED UP MY HEAVY METAL-MADE FOOTPRINTS...."

"BEWARE, YOU HUMAN MONSTERS! BEWARE THAT YOU DO NOT MAKE ME THE MONSTER YOU CALL ME!"

"YOUR POSSIE CAME ON-- SURROUNDING THE HOUSE, CUTTING OFF ALL ESCAPE. I COULD SEE YOUR FACES-- AND FEEL THE BLACK RAGE-- WITHIN YOU!"

"THE ROBOT MONSTER IS TRAPPED! COME ON, WE'LL SMASH HIM INSIDE AND SMASH HIM TO BITS!"

"WITH MY SIGHTY MACHINE POWERS, I COULD HAVE RAMMED THROUGH YOUR LINES-- BUT IT WOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN AT THE COST OF SEVERAL HUMAN LIVES...."

"THAT IS PRECISELY THE REASON MY HAND IS ON THE OFF-SWITCH, READY TO BUNK OUT MY LIFE BEFORE YOU RUSH IN! (IRONIC, ISN'T IT, THAT THIS 'MONSTER' CANNOT FORCE HIMSELF TO TAKE EVEN ONE HUMAN LIFE TO SAVE ONE... ADAM LINK.)"

"BUT TUT... SEE, KIDDIES, WHAT HAPPENS, BUT DON'T CRY TOO HARD BECAUSE THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST STORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF 'ADAM LINK.' LOOK FOR MORE IN FUTURE ISSUES OF 'CREEPY' YOUR SHOULD GUIDE FOR BITTER READINGS!"



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THE DARK AGES! FEAR AND SUPERSTITION ABOUND, AND A MAN TRAVELING ALONE CAN NEVER BE SURE... THE NEXT CASTLE IN THE TWILIGHT, IS IT THAT OF A FRIEND? AN ENEMY? OR, IS IT EVEN THE...

OGRE'S CASTLE



TURN BACK! THE
CASTLE IS CURSED!
NOTHING THERE BUT
MONSTERS! SORCERY!
DESTRUCTION!

MONTHS AGO MY
YOUNGER BROTHER
WENT OFF ON A QUEST
TOWARD THIS CASTLE!
NOW I SEEK HIM OUT!



ASIDE, OLD MAN! WARNINGS
AND WINES TALES WON'T
MAKE ME PUT OFF LEARNING
MY BROTHER'S FATE!

BEWARE THAT
HIS FATE DOES
NOT BECOME
YOURS!





FROM THIS TREE I'LL HAVE A VIEW OF THE CASTLE AND WHAT FOES MAY WAIT FOR ME THERE.







A GOOD FIGHT, BUT NOT YET OVER, SIR KNIGHT! I'VE OTHER SURPRISES. AT HIM, MY PETS!



BATS! HUNDREDS OF THEM!



BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE THE FLAME!

I'M LEFT WITH ONLY MY DAGGER FOR A WEAPON, BUT THE GIRL MUST BE AT THE TOP OF THESE STAIRS!



DIE! DEMON HOUND!



DON'T WORRY, MY LADY! ONLY THE TOAD-GUARDIAN OF THIS PLACE OF EVIL IS LEFT AND HE LACKS THE COURAGE TO STOP OUR ESCAPE!



WELL DONE, SIR KNIGHT, BUT YOU CAN'T WIN A RACE ACROSS THIS COURTYARD WITH AN ARROW FROM MY CROSSBOW!

NO...



--BUT MY DAGGER CAN!

ARGH!



WHAT MAGIC IS THIS?
THE OGRE CHANGES
BEFORE YOUR EYES!



THIS IS NO
MONSTER!
**IT IS MY
BROTHER!**
WHAT HAVE
I DONE?!

VERY WELL, SIR
KNIGHT! HE WAS
THE BEST GUARD-
IAN EVER AT THE
CASTLE. TELL HE
OPPOSED YOU!



AFTER ALL, A
SORCERESS NEEDS
SOMEONE TO KEEP
FOOLS AND MEDDLERS
FROM INTERRUPTING
HER WORK! A TASK
YOU'LL BE VERY
GOOD AT--



--UNTIL A BETTER
KNIGHT COMES
ALONG!



HEH, HEH, HEH, HOW DID YOU
LIKE THAT, FELLO FRIENDS?
WELL, THE GUN IS COMING
UP AND I MUST RETURN
TO MY COFFIN, BUT DON'T
FRET! I'LL BE SEEING YOU
SOON IN ISSUE NO. 3 OF
CREEPY!



END

YOU THINK THEY HAVE TROUBLES? — Heh, heh, that's **NOTHING** compared to the problem **YOU'LL** have when our next issue of **CREEPLY** is sold out before you can get your copy! (gasp!) So you'd better send in the coupon below for a 5-issue subscription! — For those leasers who missed the first issue and don't live without it — use the other coupon to get this **VALUABLE COLLECTOR'S EDITION!** (smoo!) — And don't forget to write old **UNCLE CREEPLY** about this issue. I want to know which was your favorite story — and which one you (groan!) didn't like! If you write me I'll send you a personal reply! — Now get out of my sight before my little friends down there come after you!



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